The DRAGON'S ELECT

with

✶ President Garfield —

by the MARQUIS de la FRANQUERIE

The anti-religious persecution perpetrated by the Third Republic led Msgr. Jouin, pastor of St. Augustine's in Paris, to search for its causes. Therefore in 1912 he founded *La Revue Internationale des Sociétés Secrètes* and *La Ligue Anti-Judéo-Maçonnique: Le Franc-Catholique*. He had in fact ascertained the correctness of the statement made by a high Mason who had declared, " The Republic is really nothing but Freemasonry out in the open." This eminent prelate, bringing to completion the studies of Fr. Deschamps and their Excellencies Meurin and Delassus, was thus led to denounce " the Judeo-Masonic peril" in his review and numerous works.

From my earliest youth I always ardently defended my Faith, and between the ages of twenty and thirty, Providence permitted me to occupy key positions at the very heart of religious and national organizations which were fighting wholeheartedly and disinterestedly for the preservation of France's most sacred traditions. Thus it was that I became simultaneously Secretary-General of the Apostolic League, Editor-in-Chief of the International Review and Co-Secretary of the Action Francaise for the western suburbs of the Capital.

In 1926 occurred the painful and -- let's say it -- scandalous condemnation of the Action Française based on falsehoods, a condemnation of which I had been informed in its smallest details as early as August 1923 by a highly placed person of the Left, in other words,three years before it happened. In fact everything turned out exactly as I had been told. At that juncture, because of his defense of the Church and France against the activities of the Occult Power and the Sects, Msgr. Jouin quite naturally had to suffer persecution at the hands of Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State, who was a Freemason. Consequently a committee of faithful was formed to defend the respected prelate. As a result I was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the International Review of Secret Societies,Msgr. Jouin giving me proofs of the most affectionate and trusting friendship, as also to Baron Jacques de Leusse, uncle of Mme. de la Tour. It was understood that Msgr. Jouin would continue to direct the Review he had founded, but he kept me informed of everything, and whenever he had friends to dinner who were Cardinals, Archbishops or Bishops -- and these were numerous and the most eminent -- I was invited, so that I became known to them in an atmosphere of entire confidence. Needless to say, this was thrilling in the extreme to a very enthusiastic young man of twenty-five.

It was then that Msgr. Jouin received the *Memoirs* of Clothilde Bersone, a former high priestess of Lucifer, a convert hidden in a convent who died crucified by Freemasonry. The Jesuit Fr. Arnold Richard had come into possession of her memoirs, and having tried in vain to get the Society of Jesus to publish them, he decided to give the document to Msgr. Jouin. To this end he asked his brother, who lived in Aix en Provence and whom I knew well, to take the necessary steps. The document could not be published as is, for it contained accusations of

assassination against politicians still living, both foreign and French. The expurgated edition appeared in 1929 under the title *L'Elue du Dragon - Roman*, "The Elect of the Dragon, a Novel." Not long after receiving this highly important document, Msgr. Jouin spoke of it to some Cardinals and Bishops during a dinner at which I was present. He opened the subject precisely because Clothilde Bersone had been mixed up in one of those political disasters. The prelate, who was a friend of the Count de Broqueville, related what the latter had told him about it in confidence:

One day when he was at the club in Brussels, Count de Broqueville, at the time he was Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs, was approched by a big Jewish international banker: "May I, Mr. Minister, request a favor?"

Quite naturally on his guard, the Minister replied, "What is it about?"

"I have been offered an oil for my collection which I've been assured is an old master, and I should like to have your opinion." This banker did actually have a famous collection of Dutch and Flemish masters, and the Minister was one of the best amateur connoisseurs of these schools. He agreed.

After going to see the picture in question he tells the banker, " Under no circumstances purchase it. It's a fake."

Properly grateful, the banker wished to give the Minister a token of his appreciation; but obviously the Minister, holding office at the time, could not accept any gift from a banker -- especially an international banker, even though it might be properly due, as would have been the case here. He refused.

Three times the banker renewed the attempt. Same refusal each time. Consequently he tells the Minister, " Do whatever you like about it, but let me whisper in your ear; Sell all your American securities. You can buy them back in a fortnight."

A few days later Garfield, President of the United States, was assassinated, an event which triggered a plunge in the American stock market. After the assassination, the banker on seeing the Minister at the club, had the nerve to tell him, "Well now, what did you think of my tip?"

"So you knew?" said the Minister.

"We have to know everything," replied the banker.

Presently you will know why I am relaying this incident to you.

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But let's get back to Clothilde Bersone. Her father was a diplomat, accredited to Constantinople. Thus it was that she became acquainted with Bou Ahmed Pasha, one of the highest dignitaries of the Occult Power and also of the Sultan's court. She therefore had access to the Grand Lodge of the Illuminati. Here is what she writes in her memoirs:

In the middle of the Lodge, despite my father, who was doing his best to turn me away, I suddenly stood stock still before a strange white marble animal stretched out on a pedestal in a threatening attitude. A shattered scepter and crown lay beneath his front paws, a tiara beneath the hind ones. It had seven heads with human faces. A strange, indefinable living quality emanated from this monster whose multiple gaze appeared to be riveted on mine and fascinated by it.

"That's the Dragon," said my father in a choked voice, " the hydra of the Cabala and the Illuminati."

He pulled me away almost by force from the inexplicable attraction holding me fast before this beast, and I would not admit to myself the strange and sudden dominion this effigy exercised over my mind and senses. . . . In those days no one was more set against the complicated symbolism of those old hermetical figures which seemed to be amalgamations of superstitions and chimeras from a chaos of cultures now defunct. Alas, I no longer possessed a shadow of inclination for belief in the supernatural, whether divine or diabolical, or in conjurations, magic, or in any entity foreign to the spirit of man or superior to the findings of modern science, whether in the heavens above or hell below. Nevertheless a thunderbolt of sorts had landed on my heart and was clasping it tightly as its prey as if with living claws, with which my pride and passion for independence strove in vain.

By whom, by what had I been suddenly ravished, beset by an agitation and emotion till then unknown in my life, as if some mysterious power, casting itself upon me in its flight, had taken me prisoner! The kind of torpor, obsession or reverie which had fallen over me for the space of a lightning flash left me as if overwhelmed in an obscure burst of phantasmagoria lacking

any definite form or purpose.

I tried once more to touch with my hand that marble which nevertheless remained so cold and still. . . . My father seized my arm, as if I were about to make a sacrilegious attempt on the majesty of the gods.

"No, come!" he stammered, with a visibly nervous tremor. "That's enough." And with a distracted air, in which were mingled a touch of triumph and a kind of oppressive terror: "I suspected as much . . . I had been told. . . You will be the Supreme Elect, Clothilde Bersone, Queen of the Illuminati, above your father and all of us."

Behind the monster was a huge portrait of Mazzini, Supreme Head of time-honored Carbonarism, one of the highest leaders of international Freemasonry. Mazzini stood leaning against a dragon similar to the one in the salon. In his hand he held a royal crown from which he seemed to be pulling the florets one after the other with an ironic, cruel smile. At his feet the floor was strewn with skulls still wearing mitres or diadems. But especially -- and this was the final blow, penetrating my imagination like a dart of fire -- behind the demagogue was standing a woman, flowing and snowy. She was proferring Mazzini a cup filled to the brim with blood with one hand and with the other was holding a world globe whose base was encircled by a serpent.

I shuddered. In this woman, this nymph, I seemed to recognize my own image as in a mirror, while the eyes of the dragon shot forth flames enshrouding me in a whirlwind of smoky brilliance. . . .

Clothilde looked at her father, who was as livid as herself. "Yes," he stammered, "we have already had two nymphs. . . They are dead. The Grand Orient Lodges are awaiting the third, she who will not die and will speak in the name of the Dragon."

In January 1875 her father brought her to the Lodge and despite his protests she followed him down into a kind of low vault. . . . I am still quoting the *Memoirs*:

He opened it, not foreseeing himself the horror of the sight which awaited us, as we found ourselves in a kind of crypt filled with instruments of torture. Still lying on the floor were bloody or dried remains of hands, feet, arms or heads. And over all this butchery, an abominable odor of the charnel-house.

Facing each other were two mannikins in garments stained with blood. One wore the Crown, the other the Tiara. Alongside, a stiletto and some daggers, still sticky, were proof that these murderous weapons used in the initiation ceremonies had not struck a mere wicker frame or a bagful of red dye, but living flesh, human flesh, and that the cups which the Nymphs proferred these great saviors of the people in these accursed places was not metaphorical, but actually a cup of blood still warm from its murdered victims.

I was stunned, unhinged, yet at the same time, at the sight of the blood, I felt champing in me I know not what fierce instinct of the condotiere or Carbonaro: the lust, the cursed lust for the blood of men, more intoxicating than any appetite for the basest vices. . . .With a wild cry, eyes haggard, pointing at the fearsome faces of the Dragon which seemed to me to be rising from the depth of the abyss amid swirling vapors, I fell unconscious and recovered my senses only several hours later lying in my room. . . . My father, his face ashen, was at my bedside devouring me with his eyes.

Although it nauseated me, a terrible thirst for this very blood was devouring me from within. I suffered piercing temptations to frightful vengeance. In spite of the horror of the first shock, the sect of the Illuminati grew in stature in my mind, purified by this blood from the absurdity and blemishes of its surface hocus-pocus. Behind the veil of make-believe, I finally divined its totally satanic perversity and the existence of the real and terrible secret which must be guarded and avenged at the price of so many murders consummated in darkness. I was no longer so indifferent about becoming a subject, and perhaps even the Queen, of the fearful Sect which dared use such means.

For me was destined the crown and maybe the heart of the future liberator of the human race, who at the cost of so many crimes would finally establish at the very least an animal happiness on earth and vindicate the great Pessimist boast of a humanity become master of nature and rival of God!

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After her recovery Clothilde decided to return to Italy. In the course of her trip Bou Ahmed Pasha charged her to take a message from him to the Turkish ambassador in Athens. He added, "May the Spirit protect you and bring you back to us glorious and powerful, O elect Nymph, Inspired One, you whom the Dragon has chosen among all women. One day or another Paris

will prove irresistibly attractive to you, and besides, THEY want you there. There, sooner or later, you will become one of us."

In June of 1875 a young Italian nobleman, also a member of the Sect, took advantage of her in shameful circumstances, at the very time that Bou Ahmed offered Clothilde an important post in Paris. She thereupon resolved to avenge herself, and writing in her memoirs,

" Very well," I'll be a Masoness, inasmuch as fate has been driving me into it so implacably, but a Masoness for the purpose of seizing its power and secrets so as to turn these against the agents of my misfortune.". . . Like an oath or a vow to the nameless Being in whom I did not believe. . . From henceforth bereft of God, of family, of love, I raised my hand and cried out, "Hatred and vengeance, you shall be my God forever!" A kind of monstrous snickering answered me like an echo from the depth of space, freezing me to the marrow.

The same evening she arrived in Paris, very likely on June 25, she established contact with the occult leaders, particularly with the future President of the United States Garfield, whose Dalilah she was to become. She underwent the ordeals of initiation without delay. She was made to don a gown spotted with large stains of fresh blood, and a rope was placed around her neck. She had to swear the following oath:

"I swear to obey blindly all the orders of the Lodge without inquiring into the reasons or the consequences. I promise to follow no religion, to subject myself to no influence, and to break with anything which might be in opposition to the Lodge's desires; And if ever I prove false to this oath, may all the daggers now pointing at my heart pierce it through and through."

Garfield took Clothilde's arm and drew from her a third of a glass of blood, after which a dagger was placed in her hand, and pointing to the royal effigy, he told her, "STRIKE! " By that she realized she had to kill, and as she was hesitating, trembling and haggard, "All the afiliates," she wrote, " in a semi-circle around me, had drawn their daggers apparently intent on running me through in order at least to reduce me to eternal silence in regard to this scene of horror. At this, with a strident laugh, inebriated, reeling and frenzied, I delivered my blow with all my strength. A foaming jet of blood spewed over my shoulders, and I myself fell to earth more dead than alive. I had killed! A criminal forever, I would have this blood on my soul like another baptism from hell, for eternity. Oh, I am cursed, truly cursed!"

A shroud was put over her head, and Garfield ordered her, "Now, prostrate yourself. Submit yourself, poor unbeliever, to the superior power of the Supreme Being whom we all adore and who governs us." The act of faith after the baptism!

"It seemed to me I no longer had a soul," she wrote."Either dead or motionless,thenceforth insensible to everything but my obsession for ambition and revenge, I dragged it about like a dead weight bearing no relation to my life."

The executioner tells her,"Kneel down and receive the supreme honor of being signed with the Seal which sets apart the Brothers of Liberty, Friends of the People and the true Sons of Unity from the vile herd of mankind."

I knelt, and taking a kind of tiny awl from the fire, he applied it to the left side of my forehead. The flesh sizzled for a second and a sharp pain bit at my temple. I didn't flinch. Everyone was amazed. I was branded forever with the Mark of the Beast, but at the time I didn't realize the full horror of this infamous consecration. I had become indifferent to everything but the hope of one day getting even with my tormentors.

Now it remained only to present me to the Dragon, and I must say, if till then my proud contempt made me rather disdainful of so much ridiculous or criminal pretense, it was a different matter when it came to the final confrontation with the Hydra with the seven heads, sovereign ruler of these haunts. I placed my hand on its back in the selfsame pose struck by Mazzini for his portrait in Constantinople. I coldly pronounced a final oath of loyalty in the direction of that inanimate idol.

Several times Clothilde Bersone notes in her memoirs that in the course of these initiation ceremonies, the rites were often in Hebrew. Thus consecrated to Lucifer she was entrusted with missions all over Europe. She adds, " These trips were educating me without my realizing it. With ever greater clarity, and right on the spot, I heard all the big international political questions discussed by our Adepts and affiliates throughout Europe, where it was easy for me to detect at all times the hand, not to say the rivalry, of the various Grand Lodges of Illuminati of Europe and Asia.

Ordered to leave for Italy with Garfield, the latter gave her a sketch of the international situation, which she relates:

According to him the whole of Masonry was at stake worldwide. The aged king of Italy was partial to an alliance with France. The anti-clerical Masonic republic was his achievement, and Garfield shared these views. Another constellation of influences, however, was taking shape in the world of chanceries, and even in the bosom of the Grand Lodges, under pressure from Prince Bismarck, a high Affiliate. For Bismarck, on the contrary, it was a question of drawing Italy into a triple Germanic alliance with Vienna and Berlin -- a policy whose repercussions would be considerable on English and American foreign policy on the one hand, and even on the Holy See on the other. For the Franco-Italian alliance forced the Vatican, in order to keep a foothold in Europe, into a risky but necessary agreement with Bismarck, using the German capital for support.

On the other hand, the conclusion of a tripartite Austro-Italo-Germanic accord threw the Pope on the side of an agreement with the moderates of the French Republic at the price of a paradoxical alignment with a regime which was against the entire Catholic right. Either solution opened up opportunities for for intrigue and profit for the Sects. Besides, both sides had their partisans, and already Garfield saw himself bereft of his role as arbiter and reduced merely to heading one of the two systems, with Bismarck in a position to direct the other. Also, whereas on the one hand in Italy the advanced age of King Victor Emmanuel II and the declared views of the heir presumptive increasingly favored the hopes of the pro-German party, there were not lacking on the other hand, in the heart of the Lodges, Initiates who remained undecided, but who were beginning to weary of seeing Garfield at their meetings nearly always sacrificing the purely Masonic point of view to his national prejudices and to his candidacy for U.S. Senator, if not to his ambition for the Presidency in Washington.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

Thus the big decisions could no longer wait, but their executrix, before taking action, had to sign one last oath in her blood: "Write in your blood what I am about to dictate to you." I wrote, "I swear to open my own veins should I prove so cowardly as to betray the secret of the Grand Orient." "Sign," he commanded me once again. I obeyed without more ado.

Then Garfield gave her an envelope, charging her to take it to Rome, telling her, "This letter contains an express order to Prince Humbert, heir presumptive to the Italian crown, to rid us of his father Victor Emmanuel who, despite lengthy service rendered to the cause against Pontifical tyranny, is now impeding or thwarting higher plans."

Clothilde delivered the message, which also contained the poison destined for the crime. She had been instructed that, to reach Prince Humbert, she must address herself to the new Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla,who was a high dignitary of the Sect. Thus Victor Emmanuel, not long after the trip of the Dragon's Elect to Rome, died in accordance with the orders of the Occult Power.

Having succeeded fully in her mission, Clothilde was to rise even higher: "That was the time set by the Spirit for my supreme consecration, no longer that of an Initiate, but of an Inspired One." The seven Grand Lodges of the Illuminati were represented. Besides Garfield, present at the ceremony were the President of the French Republic Grévy, who was second in the Grand Orient; Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Education; Tirard, Minister of Agriculture, etc. On that day, at the end of the session, she received the congratulations of Bismarck, who announced the coming execution of Garfield. She had to break a crucifix and throw the pieces on the ground, de-crown a mannikin wearing the Tiara, and remove the crown from the royal mannikin and shatter its florets. Finally, inasmuch as she had been baptized in the Catholic religion, she had to receive the Luciferian baptism: the Dragon, becoming animated, breathed into her mouth.

She said then: I felt as though quickened by a living fire which devoured my whole being, infusing into my body a force which completely revitalized me. This time certainly I was literally and totally possessed by the Evil One. . . At the same time I was given a little leather bag in which to slip this oblation (her oath to Lucifer signed in her blood) and to place a consecrated Host, from this time forth made sacrilegiously a party to my worst impieties. This Host, to be renewed once a month if possible, is previously desecrated by the Initiates and is the object of indescribable outrages. This is what, in the language of the Lodges, is called the Sacred Deposit, and by reducing the Eucharist to this humiliation, the Sect boasts of proving the powerlessness of Christ in the face of the power of the Other. Actually it is homage in reverse to the dogma of the Real Presence.

This was December 3, 1879. In January 1880, the Grand Lodge installed Clothilde Bersone under the name of the Countess de Coutanceau in a small private mansion on the rue Dunkerque, with a view of opening a fashionable salon to prepare the elections of 1881. In the meantime, Bismarck sent word that he wished to see her. She went to Berlin, and he gave her a whole sheaf of Garfield's papers which he had acquired through his foreign service agencies and which established that the latter was acting in absolute opposition to the decisions reached at the Lodge's last plenary council held the previous July 29.

On her return to Paris Clothilde gathered together some high initiates for dinner: There were present, she writes, Léon Say, Ferry, Grévy, Tirard, Lanessan, Thiénet, Le Royer, de C. . . . Paul Bert, and I believe also Clemenceau. I put before them all the items which established the betrayal of the Grand Orient and announced that I had received from the Spirit a commission to destroy Garfield. . . .

We decided that first of all we should take steps to remove him from Paris, so that his death would not be ascribed to the Lodge. It was decided to found a Grand Orient Lodge in America and to entrust its direction to Garfield. So, a few months later, in the Baltimore railroad station, a certain Charles Guiteau, according to the newspapers an alleged disappointed office-seeker, in order to explain this mysterious and inexplicable act of aggression, wounded with two revolver shots the new President of the United States, General James Abram Garfield, former Grand Orient of the Grand Lodge of the Illuminati, my superior and my lover. The colossus took three months to die, uttering no word or complaint which might serve to accuse his Brothers.

GUITEAU

I have said enough about the Luciferian activities of Clothilde Bersone. I shall simply add that in His infinite mercy, God showed that He could forgive any sin, even the most monstrous:

My bitter second thoughts, she wrote, date from the day when the devil had to acknowledge himself powerless before the invocation of the Blessed Trinity. Impervious for a long time to all supernatural faith, I first discovered the one, and then I had to admit there were two: the faith of Catholicism and the faith of the Beast. And the latter conceded that the God of my Baptism was greater than he. One would have to be blind not to conclude that this was so, not only in power, but also in goodness, in light and divine perfection. . . Thus bit by bit I discovered that this false Supreme Being was never god of anything but my passions, especially my hunger for blind revenge. God could be neither Hatred nor Falsehood, and I began to yearn secretly -- and, oh, from such great distance -- for Truth and Love.

In short, Clothilde Bersone ended by concealing herself in a convent where she was converted and wrote her memoirs. This conversion truly constitutes a victory of infinite mercy and God's almighty power over the hatred and rebellion of Lucifer. Clothilde was discovered, and died by assassination, crucified by the Lodges. Now you understand why, on receiving the memoirs of Clothilde Bersone, Msgr. Jouin was reminded of what the Count de Broqueville had told him regarding the assassination of Garfield and decided to launch an occultist section in his Review, the first issue of which appeared in January 1928.■

Editor's Note: This sensational vignette, drawn from a lecture delivered at Le Mans, France,

in 1980, differs startlingly from the accepted biographies of our twentieth president, the respectable erstwhile Major General, college professor, member of Congress and clergyman of the Disciples of Christ. These yield no accounts of European sojourns in Paris or elsewhere, beyond one he made with his wife Lucretia in the fall of 1867. The reader must judge for himself what he can believe.

In support of the Marquis' case, however, it might be pertinent to mention that during this particular trip Garfield notes in his Diary that he stopped at the Borghese Palace in Rome "and visited the Picture Gallery." The Borghese Palace is supposed about this time to have housed the secret international headquarters of the Illuminati, who leased it from an unsuspecting Prince Borghese. (A pre-Alexander Graham Bell telephone is also said to have been installed there, whereby important world news was instantly relayed, long before the public suspected its invention. There were apparently three other such phones, one of them in Charleston.) Some years later, during the investigation of his possible involvement in the Credit Mobilier scandal, Garfield testified that at the time of his trip, "I. . . was in debt."

Did he make additional, clandestine trips to Europe, perhaps under cover of his rather frequent stateside vacations? Such a question is for the professional historical researcher. A close perusal of his Diary, kept assiduously from 1848 until the year of his death may have been used to conceal rather than reveal. Very large segments were not written in his hand, with many others sporting only an occasional sentence or correction. This is particularly true in the crucial years during which Clothilde Bersone would have met with him.

Significantly absent from the Diary is the slightest reference to his Masonic affiliation, although we know from other sources that it was an active one, beginning with his initiation in Columbus, Ohio on November 19, 1861 and ending with his Masonic burial in Cleveland in 1881. He was a charter member of Washington, D.C.'s Pentalpha Lodge #23. He reached the fourteenth degree in the Craft, having received the 6th to the 13th degrees from no less a personnage than the high Luciferian "Illustrious Brother" Albert Pike, successor eventually to Mazzini as International Grand Master. How much more was left out of the Diary can only be surmised.

Further mystery surrounds Garfield's death from the two revolver wounds. One was negligible, the other far from mortal, and neither very painful. Intense medical controversy nevertheless developed over their treatment, and after several spurts of radical improvement in his condition, Garfield, a powerful, healthy man, died on September 19, which happens to be the feast of Our Lady of La Salette. According to the official autopsy the cause of death was a ruptured splenic aneurysm, accompanied by serious infection along the path of the surgical probe - which never successfully located the bullet. The bullet wounds themselves were healing naturally.

As for Guiteau, the assassin, a mysterious "Pauline" who allegedly influenced him, disappeared into thin air after the shooting. And there were two strange attempts to kill him after his arrest, one in prison by an Army sergeant and another in the courtroom during his trial. The sergeant was court-martialed, but the second assailant, although identified, was never prosecuted. Guiteau, who was known to boast of his French revolutionary heritage, stuck to his story and was duly hanged. " No man with his mental faculties," declared his hangman, " ever died so game."

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